THE PERSON NAMED OF THE PE

AUTHOR OF "WHISPERING SMITH," "THE MOUNTAIN DIVIDE," "STRATEGY OF GREAT RAILROADS," ETC.

SYNOPSIS.

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on a scenic railroad by George Storm, a newsboy. Grown to young womanhood, Helen saves Storm, now a fireman, her father, and his friends. Amos Rhinelander, financier, and Robert Seagrue, promoter, from a threatened collision. Safebreakers employed by Seagrue steal General Holmes' survey plans of the cut off line for the Tidewater, fatality wound the general and escape. Her father's estate badly involved by his death, Helen goes to work on the Tidewater. Helen recovers the survey plans from Seagrue, and though they are taken from her, finds an accidentally made proof of the survey blueprint. Storm is employed by Rhinelander. Spike, befriended by Helen, in his turn saves her and the right-of-way contracts when Seagrue kidnaps her. Helen and Storm win for Rhinelander a race against Seagrue for right-of-way. Helen, Storm and Rhinelander rescue Spike from Seagrue's men. Spike steals records to protect Rhinelander, and Storm and Helen save Spike from death in the burning courthouse. Vein in Superstition mine pinches out. Seagrue saits it and sells it to Rhinelander. The mine is relocated. Rhinelander gives Helen and George each one-third of the Superstition mine stock. Seagrue's scheme to prevent payment for the mine is spoiled. Helen, restored to home and so-cial posttion, saves her departing guests from a threatened collision by a wild ride.

## FIFTEENTH INSTALLMENT DRIVING THE LAST SPIKE

It was a week later that there were social activities again in Helen's Rhinelander had come down from the mountains with Storm to announce to Heien the completion of the Superstition cut-off, the cause of so much enmity and bitterness between the rival roads that had striven to achieve its successful building.

Helen was making ready, when they arrived, to join her two friends, and all returned to the station to take the special train that was to carry brate the driving of the last spikea responsibility that Rhinelander had assigned, over all her protests, to Helen herself.

The train, gayly decorated, pulled in early and the party-railroad men, constructionists and personal friends of the builders-getting out on the platform at Signal, gave it for a moment an air of social gayety. The stop was made only long enough to exchange greetings, and the party, enlarged by the Signal contingent, again boarded the train to continue the journey to the cut-off.

The morning newspapers at Oceanside had contained articles descriptive ore will do the rest." of the prospective celebration, and it was in one of these that a headline fell under Seagrue's eye as he sat in his living room reading his paper.

CUT-OFF TO SUPERSTITION MINE

Helen Holmes to Drive Last Spike.

At noon today Helen Holmes, daughter of the late General Holmes, assisted by Superintendent A. Rhinelander and Construction Engineer George Storm will drive the spike that marks the completion of the Superstition cut-off.

Seagrue read with anger. To his disordered mind, now victimized by drink, it seemed as if the celebration were intended to signalize his own

In a furious mood, he struck the bell to summon Adams, his servant. When the latter appeared his master said curtly: "Bring Ward here at once," and turned to the decanter that had latterly become his most intimate resource.

The moment Ward came in with Adams, Seagrue picked up the newspaper. "Look at that," he said, without preliminary words. Ward read the headlines hastily. "You see what's going on," exclaimed Seagrue, laboring apparently under excitement. "I want you to get busy."

He spoke the last words in a tone that left no doubt of his meaning. And Ward, old in ways of intrigue and crime, looked at him so understandingly that Scagrue had hardly need to add what he did: "This is my last chance," he muttered, viciously, "I want them both. Get them. I'll make you rich."

Ward was quick to assent. He was quick to act, and after conferring hur- a long career of doubtfui enterprises riedly on details Seagrue started the and close squeaks-Spike struggled two men out. In the street, Ward wildly for freedom and life, and thus and Adams boarded a taxicab, gave engaged he heard the footsteps of men their orders to the driver and were running along the track. . whirled rapidly out on the desert.

officials of the operating department | but a moment left to effect his escape. of the Tidewater line were in waiting Jerking himself convulsively, arms, for the special. When it reached the legs and body-the cord cutting and scene a salute, arranged by an in- sawing every moment into the quick genious railroad man with dynamite, around his wrists-he threw such a was fired from an adjoining hill.

the interesting ceremony. A golden bled away into hiding. zpike had been provided for Helen. And the senior readmaster, acting as Adams, searching with sharp eyes

NOVELIZED FROM THE MOV-ING PICTURE PLAY OF THE SAME NAME. PRODUCED BY THE SIGNAL FILM CORPORA-TION. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

the master of ceremonies, was leading the way to where she was to officiate the spot where the last rail joint awaited its completion at her hands, Rhinelander handed to Helen the spike and the maul. And Helen, placing the golden emblem into position, struck the spike the first blow.

"You know," she said, looking up after she had given it a few more taps, "that part of the agreement is, George must finish this."

Storm took hold of the maul with a smile. "For a man that's driven a mogul as many miles as I have, this

Friends crowded up as the spike went home and congratulations fell thick and fast on the winners of the track beside the gendola in which long-drawn struggle. Rhinelander still Storm lay. She and no means of had something to propose. "While we are all here together," he said, "we'll complete the celebration by starting the first train. I want to see whether Miss Holmes and Mr. Storm can drive a spike that will hold a rail joint for an engine to run over it. If it fails, it shows them both up. Throw the switch for the main line, George, and let Helen start the first train over the cut-off."

Storm walked toward the switch, some distance away, followed by Spike. Standing together they threw it and signaled that all was right. Helen, quite at home inside an engine cab, pulled the throttle slightly and the drivers began to revelve; the engineer then handed her carefully down from the gangway and the train

At the switch, Spike and Storm engaged thus intently, failed to notice two men creeping up behind them, ropes in hand. Taken unawares, nooses were thrown suddenly over them with a party up the line to cele- their heads and before they could make the least defense, they were throttled, felled and dragged back from the switch. So swiftly and expertly was the attack made that Spike and Storm were choked almost at once and dragged down out of sight before anyone noticed their disappear-

Tying their hands expeditiously, Ward speculated for a moment on what to do with them. Adams' proposal to throw them from the bridge he negatived. "They would find them too quick. We'll put them into the ore cars," he said cunningly. "When the cars are located at the mine the

The two picked Storm up, uncontrack, laying him beside it to await the quartz shot into the gondola, Helen. Spike had released his feet and galucoming of the freight train. Returning outside the car, turned the dumping ing the track was running at fu to bring Spike in like fashion, they key and Storm dropped through the were surprised and upset to find he opened car bottom under the trastie. had disappeared.

Spike had, in fact-overhearing the fate in store for him-rolled, gagged and found as he was, along the track | to consciousness, Helen was raining to the bridge below. Gaining this, he tears and kisses on his upturned face. continued to roll over and tried to drop He lay under the trestle, freed from out of sight underneath. But in get- the cords that had so nearly caused ting down, helpless as he was, his his death, mine men and the guests hands caught by the rope with which of the day crowding around. He staghe was fastened on the head of a projecting spike and instead of dropping liverer. to where he speedily could have hidden himself, he hung quite helpless in the air suspended by his wrists.

The ore train, meantime, had come along the mine spur and Ward and Adams, watching their opportunity, flung Storm into a gondola.

"We've got to get after Spike," declared Ward, now alarmed for the safety of himself and his companion. | roped me." Indeed, Spike was having a close call for his life in more than one direction. A single slender chance gave him hope of escape. The cord with which his hands had been bound, he thought, might be sawed in two on the spike against which it had caught. Acting on this thought, he threw himself from side to side to saw the cord against the iron. In spite of the intense pain suffered in sustaining the entire weight of his body on the thongs that bound his wrists, he kept desperately busy in the hope of releasing himself before his captors should return. For he had no doubt that Ward, as assistant director, would not hesitate to kill him on sight. With a resource and cunning developed through

This might mean help; it might At the cut-off, the roadmasters and mean a knock on the head. There was force on the rope that the strands But from a second hill, across from | finally parted on the sharp iron face where the improvised salute had nois and Spike dropped exhausted to the ily grected the gay special, two men ground. But he had hardly struck it looked with unfriendly eyes down on before he rolled, bounced and scram-

It was none too sound Word and

you can, won't you?" she pleaded.

Tense and collected under the strain, Helen, staring through the open cab window, had only eyes for the ore cars, which in another moment she saw stood in on the switch with the last gondola spotted for loading under the chute.

What car had Storm been thrown nto? The question racked her nerves nd clutched at her heart.

With Storm still struggfing on the as floor, the foreman of the ore plant, thing a fresh chew of tobacco, sigdesi "Ore on!" A man below turew valled with a roar into the chute. Sorm, working to free himself, had the foreman's order, heard the

I rush of the falling rock. It was only as the great chute—the one which he, himself, had helped to install and which worked with such fatal efficiency-slowly descended that he gave up

A cry outside, a woman's voice, hardly roused him from his stupor. But the a few minutes." next moment he felt a great shock. It seemed as if he were launched precipitately into space; the world was falling around him. Overhead, a mighty roar crashed on his hearing-consciousness left him.

What had happened was that Helen, leaping from the gangway of the engine almost before the Special, its wheels ground by the brakes, fully stopped, had run swiftly up the switch knowing whether this car contained her lover It was too late to signal the

his machine was capable of. "One happy over the fortunate outcome of minute," she reminded him pathetical- f the day that the evening festivities ly and more than once, "may mean a at Helen's home were looked forward life very dear to me. Do the very best to with pleasurable excitement. was an open secret among her friends that this occasion was to signalize the public announcement of her engagement to George Storm.

The evening assemblage was brilliant. Not alone with the guests of the day but a second special had come from the city bringing another car of friends and a procession of motor cars brought to the door guests from the neighboring estates.

in the house, Helen, radiant in evening attire, was descending the stairs. Storm waited at the foot to meet her and after receiving her guests she left the scene for a few moments with her lover. The last among the laggards seemed to have arrived when a bli I mousine, turning in from the Highway, was driven rapidly through the grounds and stopped in front of Helen's door. The car contained three mon-Seagrue, Ward and Adams.

"Wait in the garden," was Seagrue's mmand to his companions. "I will go in, look the field over and report in

When Seagrue crossed Helen's threshold that night, a strange feeling came over him. An Oceanside lady, an old acquaintance, was the first to ex-tend greetings. She noticed the strained expression of his face and the rayages made on it by his recent dissipation. She was, indeed, shocked. "I haven't seen you for an age," she declared. "And you're not looking a bit well, either, I can tell you. What's the matter?" she demanded. A shudder seemed to pass over him as she spoke "Are you ill?" she asked with wide open eyes.



The Engine Struck the Limcusine Squarely in the Middle,

The ore at the same moment was pouring in at the top.

When the young engineer returned arms gered to his feet and greeted his de-

"They had Spike, too," he said, speaking rapidly to Helen. "We must find him before he is smothered."

There was no need for her to answer. Spike spoke for himself. "And what I want to do." he said with heat, when he had told Storm the story. "is to get that Special back to the bridge and get after the guy that

The neighborhood was scoured for a sign of their assailants. They found where the taxicab had stood in which Seagrue's pair had come up. But the two had long ago made their escape and were running back to town to re-

port to their employer. Hastening up the stairs, looking guiltily over their shoulders as if fearful of immediate apprehension for their crime, Ward and Adams burst into Seagrae's room.

Seagrue was in waiting. "We got Storm," Ward began.

"Good!" cried Scagrue. "Spike got away!" Seagrue struck his fist into his open "I wanted that fellow worse hand. than the other," he muttered between his teeth. For another moment he stood deep in thought. Then he turned savagely on Ward. "If Spike escaped, he will be at Helen's home. We will get him there." Ward nodded as coolly as if a further crime were a mere | looked. detail. "I'm going up there tonight," continued Seagrae, "and I must change for the evening now. Adams has two doing: pulling ahead to spot the last guns. Stop! There they are, on the

table." dressed. His tools had made their the chute itself come into sight. The preparations and were dismissed with next moment his own gondola drew the injunction to eat their dinners before the murder was committed.

When the special, on its "oturn,

severman, too late for him to avert the every place of concealment, came on disaster, if one were impending from Their hurry, however, was too great, his action-the chute was coming and the very place where they should down. But at the instant the monster have looked, they passed. Even besclous, and carried him along the maw was opened and tons of heavy fore they were well out of the way, speed back to where Helen was waitin , beside the Special with her friends.

These latter saw a bareheaded man dashing down the track, waving his

'They've got Storm," exclaimed Spike. "They carried him off first, to throw him into an ore car. They meant to throw us both in. If they've thrown George into one of those cars, the minute it's loaded, he'll be killed!"

Helen blanched. To threaten Storm's life was to touch her heart. "We must get aboard," she cried to those about her, "and run the train up to the mine without losing a minute. Hurry," she cried, "everybody!"

Rhinelander hastened the excited guests into the cars, signaled the conductor and the Special, swiftly gathering speed, started to catch the freight train at the mine. In the gondola into which he had

been flung, Storm, pounded and shaken over the rough rall joints, gradually recovered consciousness. He knew he was in no danger until

he should reach the mine, not even hen, if he were only able to cry out. but struggle as he would, he could not elease his hands and feet nor the gog that half choked him, Every ovement of the train was so familiar him that it added to the horror of is situation.

He was hoping it might ctop before it should reach the deadly chute, for it was this that constituted his peril.

Revolving rapidly in his mind the features of his situation, he felt the car rolling slowly and monotonously on until it seemed as if the train must have traversed twice the length of the switch-the track of which he was famillar with-and the farther he was pulled, the worse his predicament

The car rolled slower and slower. He knew well what the engineer was gondola under the chute. Storm saw, an the condemned man sees the binds Seagrue, a little later, came in or the guillotine poised above him. under it and stopped.

Helen, on the Special, had taken her place in the cab where she could urge reached Signal, those aboard we. 30 the engineer to every burst of speed

## ROYAL Theatre

Continuous from 1 to 10.

## Tuesday June 20th

Chapter XIV

Featuring

Fearles:

Helen Holmes

AND

Three Reels of

General Movies



Coming Monday, June 19

Kitty Gordon "As In a Looking Glass"



"Part of the Agreement is That George Shall Finish This."

Nothing whatever. it's a little cold ered curtain. outside tonight. Perhaps," he added with a restless laugh, his eyes wandering over the gay faces all about, "someone's walking over my grave."

"Oh," exclaimed his friend. "Are you superstitious?"

"No," returned Seagrue, almost fiercely, "only tired of the world and everything in it. Where is Helen?" "She's in the library," said his companion. "You're awful late. Let's go

and find her.' She would have led him into the library. He stopped on the threshold and refused to enter. He saw, as in a vision, what others-now that the room was filled with laughing men and women-did not see. He saw midalght within it and his own accomplices in a death grapple with an old man. He saw that old man laid out a few moments later on a couch, a doctor bending anxioulty over him to detect a heart beat. And he saw the surgeon's face as he looked up and gravely said: "General Holmes is dead!"

Despite his reckless bravado, a shudder gripped him for an instant again. He shook it off and braced himself with angry resentment. "No," he said brusquely, "I won't go in there -too much of a crowd for me. "I'll try the reception room." Turning, he encountered Rhinelander. The two men greeted each other briefly.

Rhinelander spoke with kindness to his nephew. He tried to tell him that he wanted him to do differently. He assured him that neither he nor Helen cherished any lasting resentment for what had gone before and now that they two were the winners, they meant ; to be generous to the losers and to ulm in especial.

"I am willing," declared Rhinelandin the mine—it is big enough to make a dozen militannires. Make a man of yourself, Earl, that's all we ask. We'll do the rest."

Seagrue regarded him with an expression so terrible that it shocked Rhinelander, but what was passing through Seagrae's mind, he could not

"Tomorrow," Seagrue muttered, like one hardly in possession of his senses, not tonight-I'll talk to you tomor-

row. Where's Helen?" "She left here this moment for the conservatory with George Storm." Seagrue took a step forward, as if to go to her. Then he stopped and turned away. Someone took Rhinelander's attention and he lost sight

of his nephew, but the weman who had first spoken to Seagrue afterward related what she saw. Scagrue looked once more toward the library. He directed his stops toward it. On the threshold he halted abruptly again, as if rudely checked by an unneen hand. He looked about as if he saw and heard what others did not see and hear. Then, shaking bimself loose from the seeming clutch of invisible ingers, he took a determined step, strode into the library as one who accepts a challenge, walked defiantly through the room and out of the French doors he himself had opened on a midnight to a murderer.

He disappeared from sight in the shrubbery of the garden and walked some distance before he encountered those whom he had gone out to meet. Even the two hiding men saw the emotion under which he was laboring. He told them what he had seen, told them of Storm's escape, the thwarting of his plans, and with oaths gave them orders as to what to do and how to do it. He trembled with furious emphasis as he spoke on. "And when the coast is clear," he exclaimed, at last, "I'll drop my handkerchief." Turning on his heel, he left them. The two murderers looked uncertainly at each other. Something of his uneasiness communicated itself to them. In the conservatory, Helen and Storm were conversing with guests. The guests left the room as Seagrue came in and he returned, somewhat stiffly the greeting of Helen and Storm. Storm, resolved now to be generous with his enemy, stepped to the bunch bowl and filling glasses, crossed the conservatory with them to serve

Then a reckless look crossed his weign and Seagrue. In the garden, face. He called up once more the old Ward and Adams, watching intently. "Not a thing," he insisted, saw his silhouetted figure on the low-

SI

And Storm's trifling act of hospitality was to prove his salvation and Seagrue's undoing. Having seen that the punch bowl was nearly empty he excused himself and stepped into the next room to summon a maid to refill The door of this room-a breakfast room-opening on the garden. stood, for the evening, ajar. The maid, reaching up on the adeboard for a napkin, when Storm spoke to her, let it full from her hand as she turned. The white square of linen, partly unfolded, fluttered to the ground.

Where she stood, the maid could not be seen from Ward's hiding place in the garden. Only the figure of Storm beside her was visible and the highwayman mistook his figure for Seagrue's. When the napkin fluttered to the floor, Ward, mistaking it for the handkerchief, watched intently the two silhouetted figures in the conservatory.

Seagrae, at Helen's side, rose to his feet. Two shots rang through the night air. Seagrue, stricken, clutched his heart. With a ghastly expression he looked at Helen. And as sho screamed, he clutched at his heart again and fell headlong to the floor.

Helen's frantic cries brought a crowd to the conservatory doors. Storm, nearest at hand, held back the others and entered the room first. He turned, lifted Seagrue from the floor and asked for a doctor. Helen, balf hysterical, told where the shots had come and Storm, followed by her, ran out into the garden.

The murderers had made good their escape. Harrying to where their machine was hidden, they jumped into it and started at breakneck speed for Oceanside. It was Spike's keen ear that detected the faint hum of their er, "and I think that Helen will stand | motor. They're making their getaway with me in it, to give you an interest | in a car," he cried. "If we are to get

them, we've got to work quick." Commandeering the first car parked in the driveway and accompanied by Helen and Storm, Spike drove rapidly down the highway after the fleeing taxicab. No lights were visible on it. but some moonlight made it possible to follow the murderers accurately.

Below the bridge at Signal, the highway, turning sharply, crossed the railroad. It is a bell crossing and the signals were ringing for the Oceanside express when Ward and Adams, looking behind at the headlights of Spike's car, saw they were hotly pursued. They opened fire with their revolvers on the pursuing car, but Helen, Storm and Spike, keeping under cover as best they could, did not slacken speed, The criminals thus pressed, saw there was a chance to put the railroad crossing between them and their pursuers. The express was close upon them, but desperate men cannot be choosers. Ward took a chance. Crowding his machine to the limit, he tried for the crossing ahead of the train. The engineer seeing a collision unavoidable, checked his train heavity. It was too late. The engine was almost on the taxicab and the next instant the pilot, striking it squarely in the middle, threw the bravy limousine lifty feet in the air. Wnen Helen, Storm and Spike reached the spot, the engineer was backing down to itvestigate the catastrophe. . 9

Lanterns and searchlights were brought into play where the moon left the landscape in shadow. Adams' body was found in a borrow pit. The shock had killed him. Ward, flung against a tree, lay, at the foot of it. mutilated beyond recognition.

In Helen's conservatory, a doctor bent over Seagrue, but the wretched victim of his own criminal intent lay quito dead.

The sun rose happily after the events of that tragic night. It rose nowhere on two people more gratefor their escape from assassina tion than Helen and Storm. Within the following week the guests of that night, had they been gifted with vision, might have seen Spike seated. book in hand, in the garden, reading in account of a marriage ceremony. in it, serrounded by her friends and riven away by her foster uncle. Amos thinslander, Belen had become the vite of George Storm.

THE ENDA